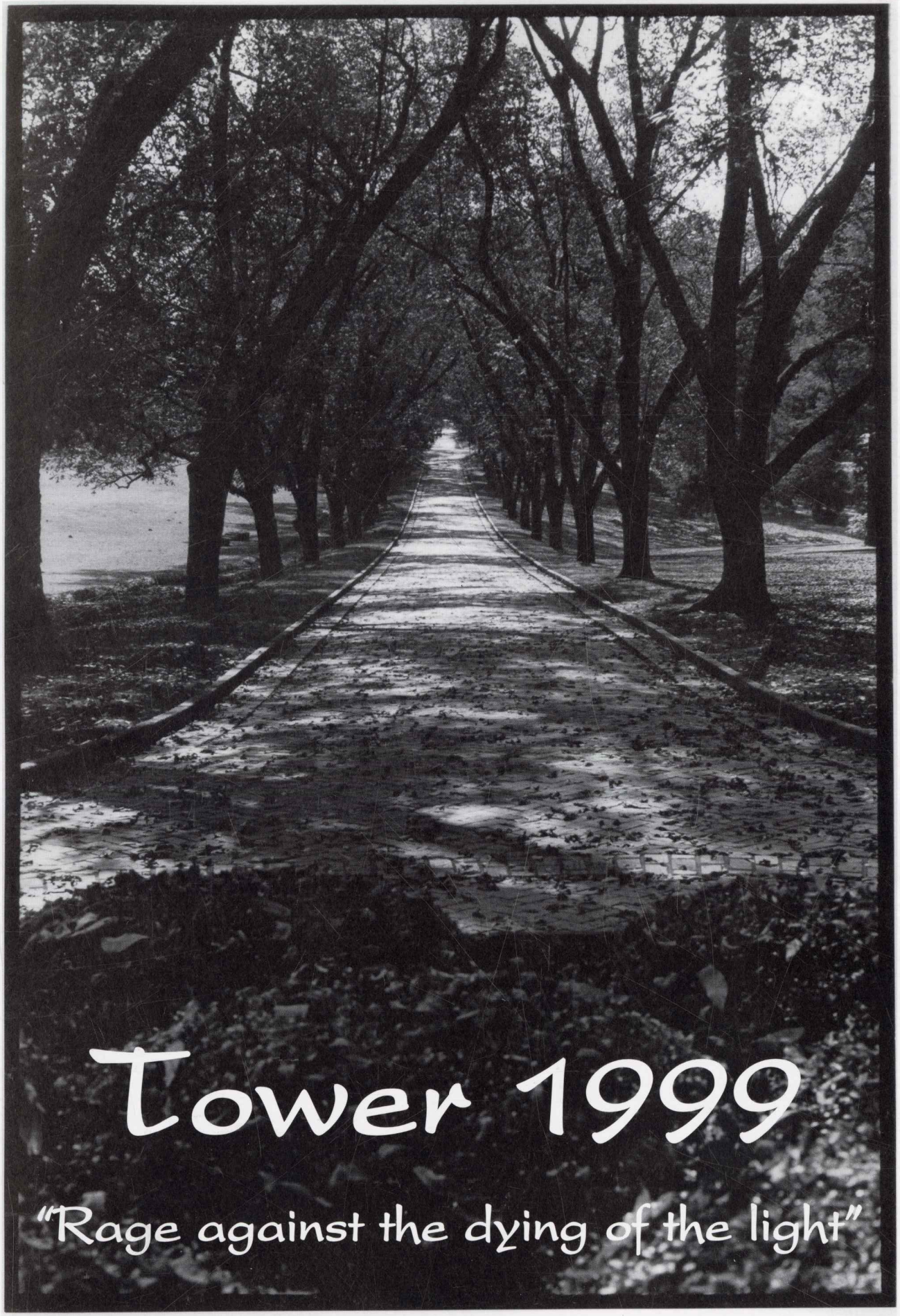

Tower 1999
"Rage against the dying of the light"

# The Tower

## 1999 Staff

Editors-in-Chief
Alice C. Bickley
Jennifer S. Tibbs

Literature Editor
Alan Riquelmy

Art/Photography Editor
Ann Moeller

Copy Editor
Jamie Lyn Morris

Selection Representative
Steven Shillito
Jacquelyn Westfall

Layout Editor
Leah Haney

Business Managers
Ginger Aaron
April Brush

All inquiries concerning past, present, or future issues of the *Tower* should be directed to:

University of Montevallo
The Tower
c/o Public Relations
Station 6230
Montevallo, AL 35115



The *Tower,* ©1999
Permission to reproduce part or all of any material in this issue must be obtained in writing from the individual author or artist. All rights are reserved. Published works do not necessarily represent the views of staff members, the editors, the student publications committee, the patrons, or the University of Montevallo. The *Tower* does not discriminate on the basis of sex, race, religion, color, national origin, age, disability, sexual orientation, class, or major. The *Tower* is an uncensored student publication. All works published are chosen by the *Tower* staff. No faculty member, adviser, or department has the right to dictate what is printed in the *Tower.*


From the Editors,

I would like to take a brief minute to thank all the people who made this year's *Tower* a raving success. First of all, I would like to thank Cynthia Shackelford and Diane Kennedy-Jackson for all their support and guidance in helping with the *Tower.* Without them, none of this would have been possible. Secondly, I would like to thank Jennifer Tibbs and my entire staff for all their hard work and cooperation. This dedicated staff gave their time and efforts to promote a sincere interest in student art and literature on this campus. They are to be congratulated for such a good job.

Finally, I would like to thank all the students who submitted work. Without your participation, the *Tower* would have disappeared from campus. Every person has a creative voice, and I thank all of you for having the courage to let your voices be heard. I also want to thank all the faculty that encouraged students to submit work. Your support helped the *Tower* tremendously.

"We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tombs and hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse. . ."

– John Donne "The Canonization"

Sincerely,
Alice C. Bickley
Co-Editor, the *Tower* 1999

To the *Tower's* Audience,

In these uncertain times, one certainty remains—as long as humans live, an outlet for expression will be needed. We are emotional creatures; these outlets could be anything from the paintbrush that cascades across a canvas, the hands that mold clay into a vision, the pen that records the thoughts of its bearer, or the camera that becomes the extended eye. The *Tower* exists to provide the University of Montevallo community with a place to display these works for all to see. Unfortunately, artistic expression does not always rank with other issues; this magazine almost died last year because of differing priorities. However, thanks to the efforts of my co-editor, Alice Bickley, and others, the *Tower* lives to see another edition. We chose the theme of the 1999 edition, "Rage against the dying of the light," to reflect this near-death experience. We also hoped the writers and artists of this community will remember Dylan Thomas' words and continue expressing themselves in such wonderfully diverse media. As long as a need for artistic and literary expression is alive in Montevallo, the *Tower* will be there to display it. Keep raging...

Sincerely,
Jennifer S. Tibbs
Co-Editor, the *Tower* 1999

The Tower's theme, "Rage against the dying of the light," is from Dylan Thomas' poem, "Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night."

# Table of Contents

## Literature


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| p. 3 | "The Youth Minister" | Alice Bickley |
| p. 4 | "ecaep" | Louie Schultz |
| | "December 1, 1998" | Jamie Lyn Morris |
| p. 5 | "Know Your Boat" | L. Michael Ledbetter II |
| | "Midnight Drinker" | Heather Marie Andrews |
| p. 7 | "Roommates" | Tommy More |
| p. 11 | "Standing Outside the High Museum, Atlanta" | Kathryn E. Asson |
| p. 12 | "The Woman Untitled" | Alan Riquelmy |
| p. 13 | "Girl Filling" | Jennifer S. Tibbs |
| p. 15 | "Nine Planets" | Laquietta P. Butler |
| p. 16 | "The Geriatrics Ward" | Lindsay White |
| | "World Without Sleep" | Patrick Sessions |
| p. 17 | "Ad Mater Dolorosa" | Karen Albright |
| p. 19 | "Fear of the Unfamiliar" | Kathryn E. Asson |
| p. 20 | "A Night With Nicholas" | Alan Riquelmy |
| p. 22 | "To Whom It Doesn't Concern" | Jonathan Scott |
| p. 23 | "La Lune, Mon Guide" | Jennifer S. Tibbs |


## Art


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Front cover | "Untitled" | Alan Cecil |
| p. 6 | "Untitled" | Alan Cecil |
| p. 9 | "Untitled" | Alan Cecil |
| p. 10 | "Untitled" | Alan Cecil |
| p. 14 | "I 4 M" | Cynthia Shackelford |
| p. 18 | "St. Paul's in My Eyes" | Jennifer S. Tibbs |
| | "Untitled" | Ann Moeller |
| p. 21 | "Untitled" | Alan Cecil |
| Back cover | "Untitled" | Stephen J. Wynn |

The Youth Minister

Heavenly britches is what he wore.
Holy and wholly as all could see.
The tight blue denim, a female religious dream.
By spreading his gospel in those sinful old jeans,
He was the pinnacle of conversion, a master of the Word.
And I am sure all the girls heard
each message he wanted to convey
Especially when he walked away.

So what was the girls' big question of the day:
"Did you see the package?"
Maybe so, maybe not.
A glimpse is all we got
when he strutted, walked, glided
through his daily ritual of handing out Biblical flyers.
"Come one. Come all to the Christian cookout."
Of course, we came like little spying lookouts
to hear him condemn the wicked temptation of teens
and our lustful, dirty daydreams.

Why didn't he wear khakis?
Hell, I don't know!
To see him in those jeans was the center of the whole show.
The message of Jesus never hit home
because it was being preached by such a generously proportioned joe.

Alice Bickley
Senior, International/Intercultural Studies & English
Co-Editor

Peace, somehow you escape me.
Though I cannot be sure I really try to find you,...
I let an idea of your existence haunt me.
I descry bits of you in the sun's spectacular entrances and egressions
And I feel tiny pieces of your warmth like
cellophane honey in Summer nights' wind.
Sometimes you grow, you climb glorious-
ly and I await explosions: that will kill:(!)unrest.
Then, when I say, "This must be life's wonderful peace," you leave
(me), and I am confounded. I become bitter
(at this). Such an unruly smile you have,
propitious harlot of enrapture
Who happens lascivious to my mind andthenleaves itwasted.
I have often cried out at life's absurdity.
Then in morning's twitterings and joyful awakening I am again(.)
her lover momentarily. When she leaves, I say to myself,
"I do not know what others speak of when they say
'peace.' but mine, darling, comes (to me)
bit bit."
by
bit."

Louie Schultz
Sophomore, Music Performance/Composition

December 1, 1998

I was walking
head bent, heart quiet
all thoughts expended, good and bad
When instinct
leapt out to swat a pest
quickly
so as not to disturb the rest of me.

Snatch, close, toss
so fast that only the mind's eye registered what the actual eye had seen:
a dandelion tuft
caught on a breeze.
I smiled then,
knowing I'd held someone's wish in my hand,
that two dreamers were united in that instant.

Jamie Lyn Morris
Senior, English & History
Copy Editor

Know your boat

When you see
        your boat
for the first time

note its shell
        tattoo this on your mind

let loose the lessons
from academy
take up works of boyhood
of ships in peril on the sea

        (on watch w/ tea)
        (then to sleep)

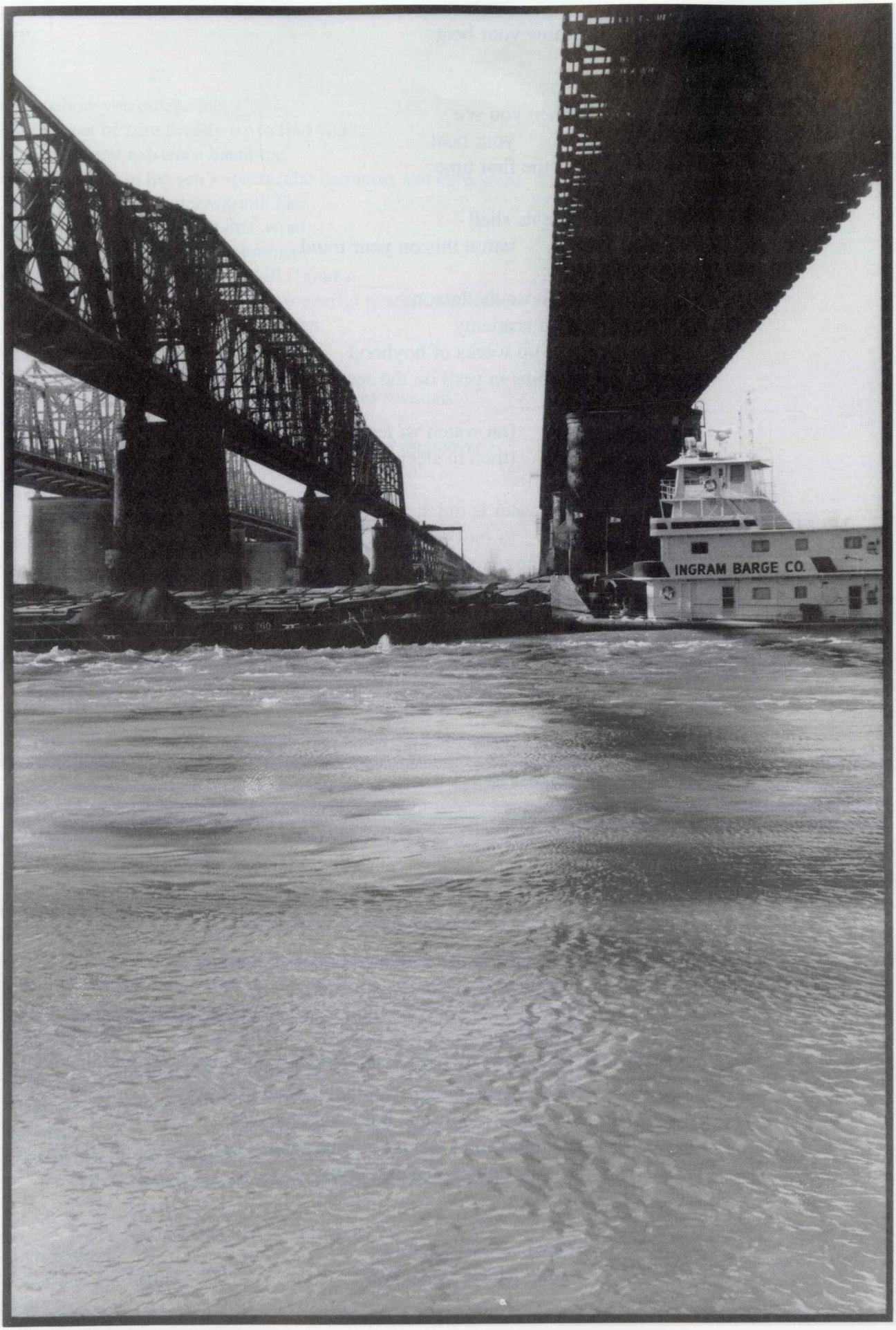
The water is quick
        to fool you is its one true skill
but know your boat
        its decks
and yourself
(un-settled)
        (at wits end)
for, the water will

L. Michael Ledbetter II
Senior, Art

Midnight Drinker

He stands in the darkened doorway looking in
Thinking of all that he must do
"I must move on," he thinks as he looks at her lying there,
"This can't go on like this."
He turns and walks to the sofa, weighing the options
"She is everything I wanted, but now I don't.
She doesn't hurt me, but I want her to."
His mind spins as his cat rubs against him
He gets up and makes a drink.

Heather Marie Andrews
Junior, Music Education




Untitled
Alan Cecil

# Roommates

They just appear at your door one day. It's their door too, but you don't care.
They throw their stuff down. My that's a big bag of socks.
Fort Payne is the sock capital of the world. He's from Fort Payne.
Whole-sell city. Red-neck paradise. Swimming pools. Movie stars.
He sure does have a lot of stuff. T.V. V.C.R. C.D.'s Acronym central. Stereo. Socks
He's my first college roommate. I wonder if he's a Satan worshiper
like you see on TV. Nope, Southern Baptist like me. So we're both equally messed up.
He is more messed up. Girl friend back home keeps calling.
BITCH! That's what everybody tells him. People who have never met her.
Calling at four in the morning. Why me? She's lucky I answer it.
He isn't there. He is not cheating I say. He's not. He's drinking to forget her.
Life ain't that easy. Gotta spin that wheel and buy vowels.
Talk about things normals don't talk about. Circumcised, don't know never asked.
Can't you tell. No, don't see too many other dicks. Extra skin?
Tries to offer me advice about women. Know the woman he got with it. Decline.
She's only fifteen. He's nineteen. I say not good.
He did have a lot of stuff. It's all over the floor. Orange juice a week old on the window
sill. Ants everywhere. Ants are minions of Satan and they're trying to take
my soul. Must of inhaled too much Raid. Ants can't take possession of a soul.
If God is good, where can evil hide. Philosophy sucks. Woods okay.
"And I guess Sally had that heart attack she's been expecting." Blow up summer camps!
Has all that stuff. Won't let me use it. Bastard. Oddly, he moves out.
Just across the hall. Next semester new roommate. That'll be fun. We still buddies too.
Christmas goes smoothly. My roommate next semester is gonna be
some French Canadian guy. I hope he speaks English. He would have to, to go here.
I arrive. His stuff's on the bed, but he's not here. Over the next week
I can tell that he comes and goes, but I never see him. SPOOKY. Does my roommate
even exist? Is he a figment? I don't like figs, too many seeds.
Late one night, a commotion at the door. It does not sound like a French guy.
Some drunk Texan walks in. I don't like talking to drunk people.
But talk he does. He's a friend of my roommate. He has come to get some things.
Appears my roommate's been living with him. My roommate's going to
move out when he gets the chance. Yippee. Wait a minute. That means new roommate.
Luck is with me. I cannot be consolidated. No roommate for free.
A whole semester where I can spank the monkey anytime I want. Bad monkey, bad.
Come and go as I please. Get bored a lot though. Usually not even in
the room. It's a large room now. Extra bed too. There are urine stains on beds in Napier.
Why? Does cafe food make bladder control impossible?
Think about cancer risks of cafe food. Nothing else to do. Go to class. Not good.
Summer here. Forget about roommates. Go to work.

Delivering pizza all summer sucks. Can't wait for school. Get a phone call.

It's my next roommate's mom. I stand in shock.

These freaks want to meet me before school even starts. No fun there.

After long negotiations, it is decided that we will meet at Subway.

I haven't had a seafood sub in a long time. Think I'll get one today.

Me and my Dad go to meet this odd family that cares about roommates.

Next roommate's some little freshman spank. I don't care. New pet.

Introductions, blah, blah, blah, yackity, schmackity.

I give him survival tips for college. Dump girlfriends at home now. Buy alarm clock.

Always wrap the monkey. One word: Antifreeze.

We get along fine. I am glad my roommate is semi-normal for once.

Semester looking good. He moves in with his cousin in Peck.

Hmmm, who shall be my roommate now. The school assigns another one.

I wonder if he'll be a freak. I am answered as if by on high.

I have never been high, but I have heard it's not as bad as people say.

He is a large man with a crewcut. Ex-army. I'm scared.

He is incredibly boring. I believe he's a punishment for monkey spanking.

He watches boxing a lot. He tapes fights and watches them over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over again.

I dream of killing him with a fork. Too messy.

I hate having to clean this room all the time. He never cleans it. Kill yourself.

He is beyond stupid. I have heard others yellout, with the fiber of their being, "How did you ever get to college?," to this man. He never gets a pun.

No insult can phase him, for he does not understand it.

He is boredom in a can. Do not open him. For that way lay madness.

The stories. The stories. Help me, the stories.

He tells the most disgusting stories. He speaks of bestiality and necrophilia.

Yet no matter how horrifying the story, he makes it boring.

His voice is a loud monotone. He yells about the most insignificant things.

Even telling him to "Shut up!" has no effect. He continues to talk.

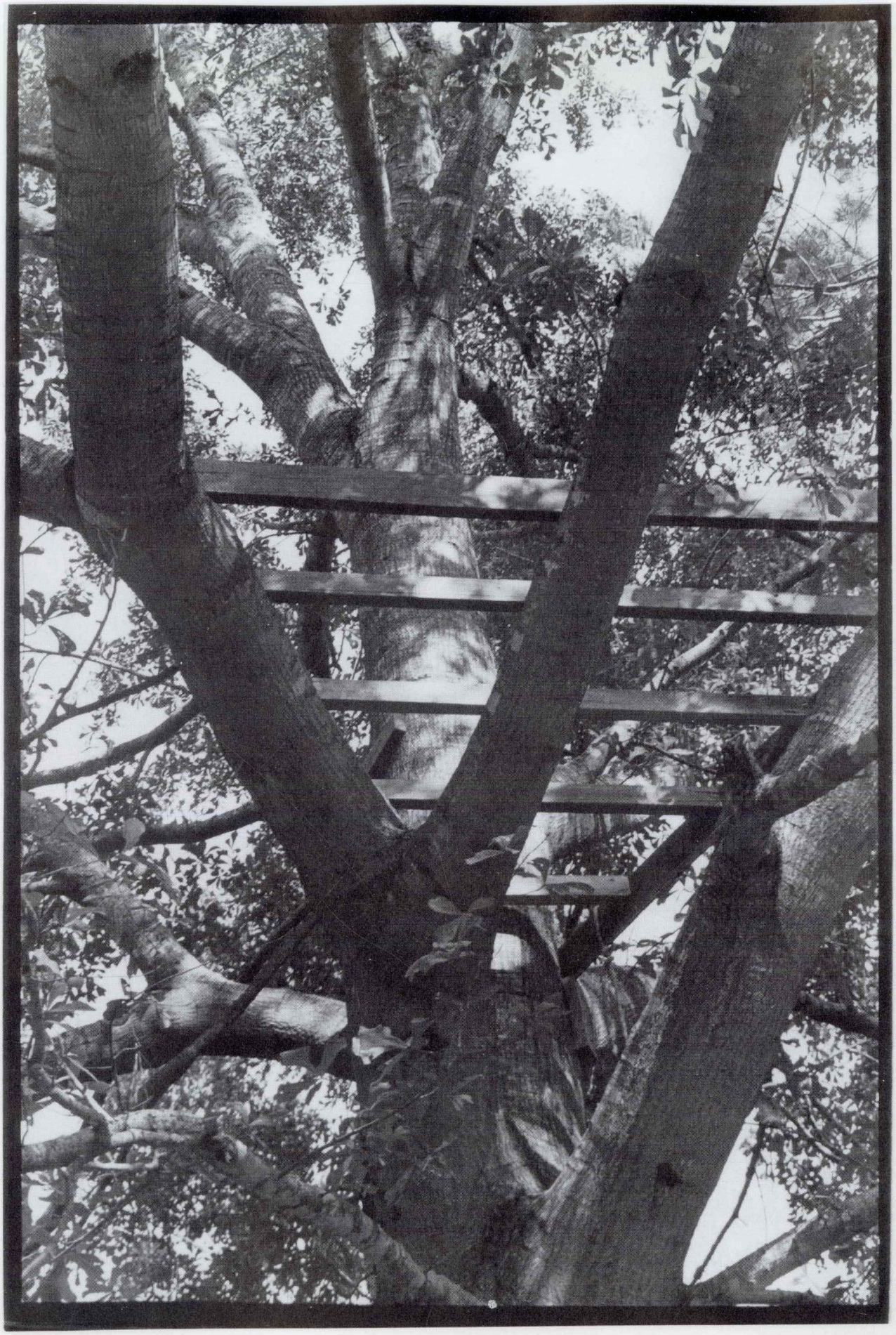
His mouth is an unstoppable force of nature. That's why I had to get out.

I have met a friend of a friend. His roommate will be moving out at the end of the semester. I get to know him. He is much better than my current company.

He is a short, hairy man. I can get over that. He can drone on at times about the same topic, but he never gets mindnumbingly boring. We even have some of the same hobbies. I move in with him. Everything's a-okay. There is nothing overly annoying about him I didn't already know. I just wonder how long it can last. Can't last forever. He'll graduate before I do, so I'll have to find another. Just hope I can cure this one of thinking he's right all the time.

Tommy More
Senior, Chemistry

Untitled
Alan Cecil



Untitled
Alan Cecil

Standing Outside the High Museum, Atlanta:

Short hair faked red messed up under too-tight toboggan.
My cold fists stuffed into inadequate pockets, holy and unlined,
Count seven fingers
For seven days until Christmas.
Holiday debt in a faith I have none,
Just a wallet full of yellow slips and dotted lines
Reminding me that I'm still susceptible,
Still a kin,
Still a member,
Even if only by default and unidentified "other."

A too big limo makes a too wide turn into a too narrow street
Has to back up its white, shiny, phallic pretension
To get down to the neo-Gothic style Presbyterian Church
For a wedding in the dead of winter
Spitting frozen rain on the members.
The minister is in a room above the bookstore, combing his hair,
Then abruptly puts out the light
And I'm reminded of Othello's stifled bride
And I count seven fingers for seven wives of Henry,
All barren, boy-less, bested, or beheaded.

I watch the headlights of cars play on the candle lighting inside the edifice.
A white Bronco drives by and I'm reminded of the proverbial "her"
And her beautiful lips that spilled out all the right things
At all the wrong times
And I count seven fingers for seven days
Until her curiosity fades into fear and she disappears
With my last chance of hope
That homophobia wasn't just a one-night bashing
And my newfound pride's not another whitewashed fallacy--

And I count seven fingers for seven years, the average marriage
I will never have, the red carpet I will not walk,
The white
The pure
The limo
The dress
The bride
The candles,
Just headlights, my ride is here.
And I count seven cold, Atlanta-frozen disillusioned fingers
Seven million miles of departure as I watch myself in the rear-view mirror
Wishing for the proverbial innocence of "past"
Instead of this apocalyptic prediction of the future.
Seven might as well be a billion idealistic dreams not to be,
The number of holy and complete,
But not me,
Not that church
Not this life
Not this time
Not ever.

Kathryn E. Asson
Junior, Art

The Woman Untitled

You were the only person in a city of reflected faces.
You—trapped behind a mirror,
You caught inbetween panes of glass.
Your smile catches me off guard,
trips me and you burst when I hit the ground.
You
You in slow motion on stage,
spotlights carry your form away
we bow our heads for your next entrance.
You spinning the merry-go-round of me
I wait for my next fall.
You.
You set in plaster 1 a.m. where are you?
You disappear for weeks magician-like
returning in mud with bowls and pots of clay
caked to weathered fingers,
your color beneath the clay.
You.
The smell of you stuck to your shirt
wrapped around my chest. I won't let it go.
Your hands dipped in paint
drawing a day I lost
to pills the shape of aspirin.
You.
You like a timid dream
evaporating with the alarm's first sound.
Your name creased on my lips,
your touch related to a phantom.
You I do not know.
You.

Alan Riquelmy
Senior, English
Literature Editor

Girl Filling

Fill me up!
There's a void forming inside.
A great big ol' mental *hiccup*
I'm desperate to hide.

He's moving in the shadows
And flipping me off...
Why? Who knows?
But it's my anxiety he scoffs.

It's something I'm missing:
An arm or a leg or a hope.
It may be the act of kissing
Or a soul fresh out of soap.

It's an anger that kills.
It's an insufficiency that mars.
It's about popping pills
And healing the scars.

It's finding that missing brown-eyed girl,
The one who smiled and could trust.
She loved through memories of *blonde curls,*
But she's gone now and her shell is turning to rust.

It's red and blond hair and a succession of blue eyes.
It's failures, mistakes, and heartbreaks, and too many of those to take.
It's all these things in your guise
And I suffered them for your sake.

Jennifer S. Tibbs
Senior, English & French
Co-Editor

I 4 M
Cynthia Shackelford

Nine Planets

I was sitting on top of Jupiter, looking down on old Saturn
wondering about Mercury, while twirling Venus between my
fingers, as I balanced the world in my other hand...
"THAT'S IT!" I exclaimed
It occurred to me
there goes the sea
that I, the black woman
created all before me
except the rib
from which I was took
Are you sure that's true?
Let's take another look
Surely, I had my own ribs
after all I bear all the kids
Being mother and father while
out on my women my husband bids
while he's with some other woman
probably singing in the rain
Until it stops, when it pours it rains
I'll be singing all in vain
Due to I am the black woman that
for ancient past did reign
I was the Cleopatra that seduced
old Mark Anthony
Ancient men could hardly build pyramids
for stopping staring at me
I kept the world in darkness
made men late hanging the stars
I even slowed construction on
Uranus, Neptune, and Mars
I was the reason for the sun coming out
Peeking through the skies
Just to give all men light to look into
these eyes
Can't dig the diamond between these thighs
is what my mouth would say
As I turn, showing them the moon as I slowly
walk away
Does that pride still lay inside our women of today
or Do you spend your time rotating on your axis giving it away??

Laquietta P. Butler
Senior, Business

## THE GERIATRICS WARD

"I'm Bill's dad."
A wrinkled and crooked old man
Tells me for the third time
I smile and nod,
Yet I am trembling inside
He is insane! Foreign! Diseased! Obliterated!
And he's sitting there staring at me
He asks when the war is going to end
His mind is pulp!
Destroyed by time, time...
I am frightened!
Will I ever be like him?
Wrinkled skin, leathery hands
The rancid stench of decades
"You remind me of my granddaughter,"
He says, smiling at me
There's a twinkle of wisdom in his eyes
Suddenly, I feel extremely close to "Bill's dad"
I see that we are the same strangers
In this parallel life.

Lindsay White
Freshman, French

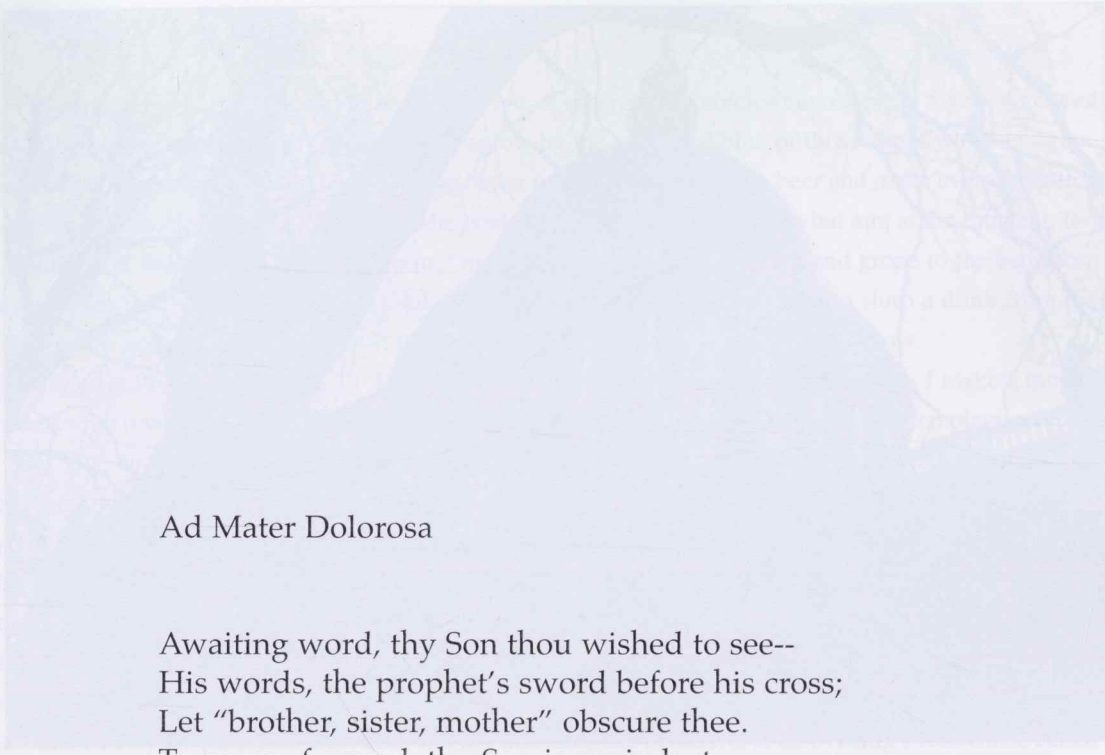
## World Without Sleep

You ask me so flippantly
What would the world be without sleep
And there were no restful conclusion
To the counting of sheep

Why do you ask so non-chalantly
About the phantasm that eludes me every night
Why do you ask with a grin on your face
About this torture I cannot fight

Sleep is not attained so easily
It you cannot take, it you cannot give
A world without sleep?
It is the world in which I live

Patrick Sessions
Sophomore, English



Ad Mater Dolorosa

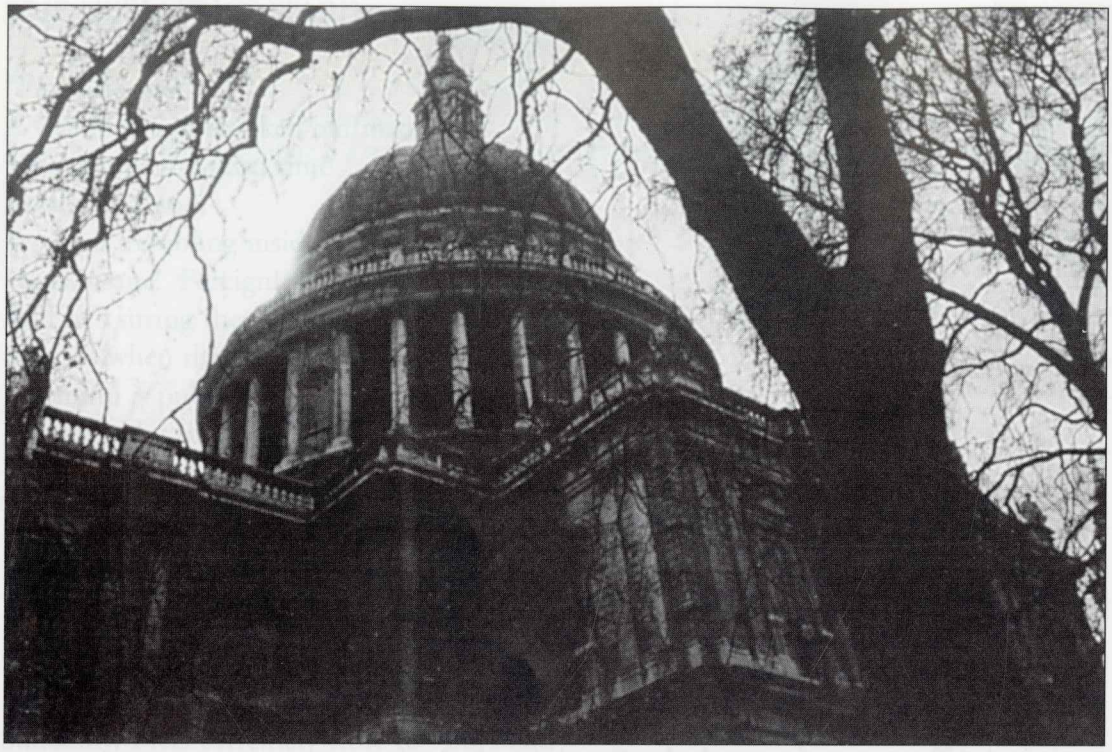
Awaiting word, thy Son thou wished to see--
His words, the prophet's sword before his cross;
Let "brother, sister, mother" obscure thee.
To press of crowd, thy Son is again lost.

Around him sits the broken lot he'd choose--
His hand extending, all become his kin;
(Thy heart-held Son their careless hands would lose.)
With ties undone, thy Passion would begin.

O human-hearted Mother of God, what for--
Let go thy World to save a world unknown?
Resigned art thou beneath his cross, no more--
To comfort, shelter, guard, posses alone?

Maria, by thy fiat , help me live--
For more is asked of me than I would give.

Karen Albright
Senior, Dietetics



St. Paul's in My Eyes
Jennifer S. Tibbs

Untitled
Ann Moeller

Fear of the Unfamiliar

This city is restless. For its small size, it is unusual to hear the sirens of emergency vehicles almost every night. Annoyed and now awake, I stumble out of bed, its disrupted covers recently cast aglow by the unnatural blue of those damn whirling lights. Paper-like walls echo the voices of outside neighbors who have nothing better to do than drink cheap beer and make everything that passes them on Highway 10 their business. Ironically, I drown out the commotion with a Police album but am, at the moment, too groggy to get the joke. My mouth is on fire due to a peculiar 7 p.m. "morning" breath. Bare feet pad and grope to the bathroom where I pull suction cup contact lenses from my eyes and splash lukewarm water in my face, then stoop to slurp a drink from the faucet. I recoil in disgust; I forgot how soft the water is here. It tastes like shit, but at least I'm more awake now.

"Roxanne, you don't have to put on the red light...." Reminded of the screaming car that awakened me, I make a mental note to ask the owner of this place what it was all about when he gets home from his first job. Seems like we've been playing house for the past couple of days. Nice guy, he put me up for the holiday because my campus dorm shut down, rendering me homeless and unwilling to catch a ride to my old town to see the folks. There's a reason why I moved out early, and I'm in no mood to go back and reminisce. "Happy Thanksgiving," I chide myself after pouring a glass of milk and raising it in a mock toast. I'm trying to finish the gallon before I have to go back on Sunday--he hates milk. Plus, there's nothing like the spoiling of milk on its expiration date to remind you of how single you are. It's happened to me three times now, and they were half gallons.

I place a frozen pizza in the oven and fight the urge to make him dinner. He wouldn't have time to eat it anyway, I remember. Poor thing's got to shower, change, and rush off to job number two to work the 11 to 7 graveyard shift as a cop. That's how I met him. One night my friends, alarmed by the paleness of my face and my declining the invitation of an evening's festivities, called the school's emergency number. Ten minutes later a youngish university policeman was asking me questions in order to keep me calm and smiling reassuringly. "He's cute," I mouthed to an onlooking friend when he had glanced down to fill out some paperwork. The next day I was diagnosed with an ulcer and discovered myself that I had a bit of a hero complex for that officer. We've been friends ever since.

Almost four months later, I'm in his house reading the titles of books on his shelf, watching his movies, and listening to stories he's never told me before. Last night, over pumpkin pie and Corona beer, he turned to me and said, "Nothing scares me," then proceeded to tell me all the crap he has seen over the years as he ticked of the events on his fingers. I stopped him when he mentioned viewing three dead bodies. His detailed accounts of each person's demise has led me to the conclusion that the past few deaths in this town have all been the end result of over-zealous police car chases. Spooked by this new realization, I shiver and wonder just what the hell is going on around here.

More awake than ever, I sit down to my half-burned dinner for one and silently tally the police-involved incidents that I know of. My ex-boyfriend, in addition to at least two other acquaintances, had recently been busted for pot. I'd heard of a "red flag" list of people who are known smokers and sellers; it's just a matter of time until someone else goes down. Then there's that matter of harassment a fellow art student claims of another university patrolman making his rounds a few weeks ago. It shook the kid up pretty bad; I saw him, he was ranting about it to someone on the phone. Lastly, I recall all of the crimes the cops didn't do anything about: three purse-snatchings, four break-ins, a stolen car radio, all to the same group of friends, apparently no friends of the fuzz. One of the guys had told me about a string of crack houses he had lived near, just past the railroad tracks. I was skeptical then, but upon reviewing all of the facts and letting everything sink in, I'm more willing to believe that anything is possible in this town.

I polish off the last slice of pizza and drop my plate in the sink. I pause, think, then proceed to wash it and the knife and glass I had used. This guy is a bit anal, plus I feel guilty eating his food and leaving the dishes for him. The song "Every Little Thing She Does is Magic" makes me chuckle to myself as I go about straightening the rest of my belongings lying around his house. I check the clock, another two hours until he gets off work. I am anxious for his company and conversation and to ask him how his day has been. That and I would feel a lot safer having one of the "good cops" here to protect me. I double check the locks on the door and wait while "Message in a Bottle" replays over his stereo, drowning out the evening's traffic, the train's horn, and other unfamiliar noises native to this strange little city. "Sending out an S.O.S...."

Kathryn E. Asson
Junior, Art

A Night with Nicholas

I dream of you
in the fire of velvet
crouched behind the block of Golgotha
whistling--
your song closes on my ears like the tentacles
of a lost god,
your wooden clef sticks in the earth,
wounded, waiting for the next verse.

I dream of you
closed in battle--
your helmet smashed, an underripe tomato
skewered by Jews, Germans, Gentiles, Japanese.
Their sharp breath scratching your throat,
their hesitant hands caught on your groin.
A universal sword stuck in the middle
forcing clubbed feet
off a cliff's swollen lip.

I dream of you
wrapped in a mesh cage
beneath a sticky tree.
I dream of you fed on an orchard
sweet serum rubbed on the chin.
Chain-link hands bathed in blasphemy
exposed in a glance,
forbidden.

Alan Riquelmy
Senior, English
Literature Editor

Untitled
Alan Cecil

## To Whom It Doesn't Concern

I mean when this or that happened
And it made me mad
        Mad like...like a rabid dog with rabies
And I resented you for a time
Ahh time--that thing that heals all wounds
But that was just you controlling me
And now I know why the caged tiger paces
I was that tiger with
STRIPES!
And stuff, pacing in my cage
But now I am free you...you shithead
Like...like something soo free
Yet sometimes I remember those
Crystal blue eyes of yours
And the smell--no, I'm sorry, the fragrant smell
Of your hair on those autumn days
Then I am reminded of how you treated me like a
Piece!
In a game, or someone of the opposite sex
But I am neither a puppet or a bitch
I am strong and I am free
You never could understand why I am a dark soul
Traveling through a dark night in a dark world
Dark, Dark, Dark, Dark, Dark!
Left here alone to ponder the real questions about
Faith and love and God and
Rape and Love and Colours
and truth and Sadness and uh...
Life and god and Love
And how this or that makes me mad and how you really
do come out smelling like McDonald's

Jonathan Scott
Senior, English

La Lune, Mon Guide

La Lune, mon guide,
C'est toi dont j'ai confiance.
Dis-moi ce que j'ai besoin de savoir.

Dois-je lui parler?
Dois-je lui désirer?

Dis-moi ce que je demande.

C'est lui que je désire.
C'est lui qui me rend heureuse.

Pourquoi, toi, la Lune, tu ne me dit rien?
Peut-être, il me désire et demain...
Demain, je saurai ta réponse.

The Moon, My Guide

The Moon, my guide,
It is you I trust.
Tell me what I need to know.

Should I talk to him?
Should I want him?

Tell me what I ask.

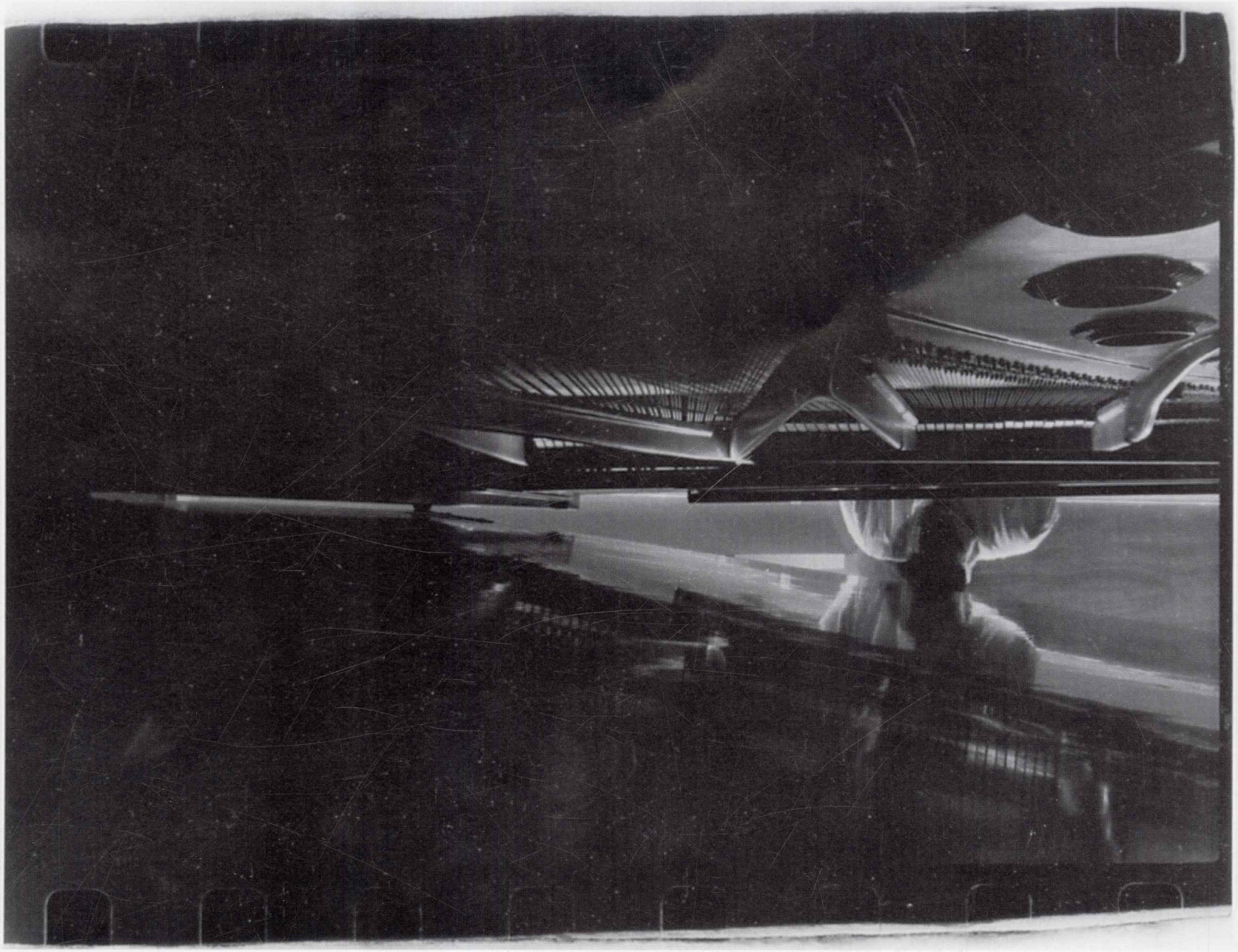
It is he that I want.
It is he who makes me happy.

Why do you, the Moon, not say anything?
Maybe, he wants me and tomorrow...
Tomorrow, I will know your answer.

Jennifer S. Tibbs
Senior, English & French
Co-Editor

## 1999 Patron List

The people listed here gave a contribution to the 1999 *Tower.* They should all be commended for their help in making this a successful magazine. The 1999 *Tower* staff thanks all of them for their donations. The list is in alphabetical order with their graduation years (if they attended UM).

Mary Charles Anderson 1982 & 1984
Glenda Conway
Michele Readal Emerson 1986
Larry Gibson 1983
JoAnne Lancaster Gordon 1965
Thomas H. Hubert 1967
Elaine Wood Hughes 1969
Sherri Phillips Kelley 1994
Stephanie Key 1996
Julie Ann Maksimowski-Potter 1989
Jean M. Martinolich
Gary Mitchell 1970 (former *Tower* editor)
Clay Nordan 1976
Michael F. Patton, Jr.
Dewayne Peevy 1996
Barbara Sloan 1972
Robert A. Stoddard 1962
John Wendell (former *Tower* editor)

If you would like information on how to become a *Tower* patron for upcoming publications, please contact the *Tower* editor in the Public Relations office at 665-6230.